

A Useful Hint.

A BLACK glove is most useful. Lumps of coal or kettle handles can then be picked up without soiling the fingers. These gloves can be bought, but many women make their own with room for the thumb only. They are shaped just like a large baby's glove and padded with several thicknesses of material.

Time Is an Estate That Produces Nothing Without Culture



Magazine Page



This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the battle of Cape St. Vincent in 1797, when a British fleet under Admiral Jervis, with fifteen men-of-war, defeated the Spaniards with twenty-seven. The victory was largely due to the genius of Nelson. Jervis was created Earl St. Vincent and granted \$15,000 a year.

The Heart Breaker

Mildred Taunts Arthur for Not Enlisting, and Tom Chandler Appears, to Honora's Astonishment

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.
CHAPTER XLV.

IF Arthur Bruce noticed any change in his fiancée's manner during the next few days, he made no mention of it. Relations between two persons who see each other constantly cannot long remain at high tension, and as days passed matters with the engaged pair seemed to become normal once more.

Indeed, other and more important things than a girl's whims were uppermost in Arthur's mind. The Bruce Contracting Company had been hard hit by the war. Each week added fresh perils to the business affairs of father and son.

Building was at a standstill. For such work as was on hand there were not enough skilled laborers, and the prices these few demanded made the hiring of them almost prohibitive. Fairlands, always an industrial center, was now going in for the making of munitions. Mechanics and trained workmen of all kinds who had hitherto looked with disdain upon "the factory hands"—now found it profitable to desert their legitimate trades and enter the mills.

At times it appeared as though the Bruce Contracting Company and its founder must go under in the storm of changing conditions sweeping across the land. Arthur's father looked twenty years older than before the declaration of war. All color had left his cheeks, and in his ashy face his deep eyes looked tired. Yet his son could not prevail upon him to slacken his unavailing efforts. Too late Arnold Bruce was trying to adopt modern methods. The business that he himself had started years ago meant more to the founder than even Arthur could dream.

A Long, Hard Task.
Early and late father and son worked—cutting here, skipping there—endeavoring desperately to keep the frail craft afloat and ahead.

Months slipped by and Arthur himself grew lean and haggard, but as he explained to Mildred when he was calling on her one evening, he was learning the business thoroughly.

"You cannot accuse me of being a loafer nowadays, Honey," he said half laughingly. "The count may have had to declare war before I woke up and went to work, but I certainly am hard at it now. I suppose it's good for me."

"Wonder why you don't," began Mildred. Then she stopped abruptly, but with such a significant expression of countenance that Arthur felt uncomfortable.

"Why don't you?" he demanded.

"Oh, nothing," she said, then added with apparent irrelevance, "Tom Chandler will be here soon. He has a furiously, and is coming home for a few days."

A Real Live American Romance

"How do you know that?" Arthur asked sharply.
"Why," she hesitated, "someone mentioned it to me. Does it matter so much?"
She did not think it worth while to confess to him that a postcard from her former admirer had brought her this news.

"Why, no, of course it doesn't matter in a way," Arthur acknowledged. "I did not mean to speak crossly, dear, but I'm tired and unreasonable tonight—and that Chandler chap always did get my goat. He has the faculty of rubbing me the wrong way, I guess."

"He's gone to war, anyway," Mildred remarked impersonally. "So there is some good in him."

Arthur Resents Her Words.
Arthur's face flushed and he bit his lip. When he spoke he steadied his voice by a visible effort.

"Just what do you mean by that remark, Milly?"

"Oh, Arthur," the girl protested irritably, "don't be so touchy! I only meant that whether you, or I, or anyone else liked Tom or not, there must be some good in him or he wouldn't have enlisted as soon as we entered the war. Please don't be on the lookout for a chance to quarrel, dear."

She used terms of affection so rarely that her betrothed was touched when she did. He took her hand now and kissed it.

"I didn't mean to be cross," he apologized again. "I am a crab to-night, but I have had a hard day and am worried."

"About the old business," she accused.

"No, not only that," he corrected. "It's about father. He had an at-

tack of vertigo in the office this afternoon. He has had several of these lately, and he's not at all well."

"Probably the vertigo was caused by indigestion," Mildred suggested lightly, and began to talk of other things.

Two days later, as Honora entered the house on her return from the office, the telephone bell rang, and she hastened to answer it.

"Hello, angel girl!" were the words that greeted her astonished ears. "Have you got over your mad, and are you glad to hear my quiet tones?"

"There must be some mistake," Honora said coldly. "You have the wrong number."

"Isn't that Mildred?" came the query.

"This is the Brent house," Honora replied. "This is Honora Brent speaking."

"Oh, Miss Brent, how do you do?" the voice asked. "This is Tom Chandler. Is Mildred there?"

"Tom Chandler," Honora exclaimed in surprise. "No, Milly is out." "No, she isn't!" Mildred corrected as she ran down the stairs and snatched the receiver from her sister's hand. "Hello, Tom!" she called.

Honora walked into the library, and, picking up the evening paper, tried to become interested in the news of the day. But she could not shut out from her ears the excited laughter with which Mildred greeted the remarks of the returned soldier. Honora was at a loss to understand the situation. For weeks past she had comforted herself with the belief that Mildred and Tom were no longer on friendly terms.

(To be continued.)

When Paris Greeted the Spring



On the left is a three-piece suit—coat and skirt of beige tricort and bodice of chiffon cloth in matching color. The bodice has suspenders and a bit of trimming of fine wool tricort. The skirt is straight cut and has sash panels as a trimming at the sides, made of three folds of tricort, embroidered at the edge in self-tone silk. On the right is a smart tailored suit, developed in navy blue and white. The coat has a straight box form, with a shallow yoke simulated at the front. There is a novel trimming for the pockets in the form of straps in continuous line with the front of the coat.

Photos by Kadel & Herbert.

Medicines That Deceive

By Brice Belden, M. D.

THERE is no disposition on the part of our health authorities to prohibit the sale of medicinal preparations sold under legitimate procedure, but they conceive it to be their function to detect and prohibit fraudulent practices.

Patent medicines are objectionable when the sick, crippled, and poor are deceived regarding their composition and affects upon human ailments.

Our public health authorities believe that the public not only ought to be informed in these matters, but that the public actually deserves the information. Their only aim is the exposure of fraud and improper practices perpetrated by quacks and vendors of fake remedies.

When the veil of mystery is torn away from many of the patent medicines nothing but gross sordidness stands revealed in the individuals or corporations by whom they are sold. Worthless and even dangerous preparations are frequently vaunted as cures in the face of impossibilities.

In cases which are clearly fraudulent authority to prosecute is vested in our health authorities. Their power and authority to control the sale and distribution of patent and proprietary medicines by requiring them to be registered has been sustained by the highest courts.

Our public health authorities are prepared to answer individual inquiries confidently regarding the sale, composition and use of patented remedies. They maintain special bureaus for the purposes of inspection, analysis, etc. Where fraud is encountered the offenders are summoned to court.

The press heartily co-operates with the health authorities in checking nefarious practices at the expense of the public, and this team work is expected to be of increasing benefit. But the public must also co-operate by filing the proper complaints, which will be given prompt and careful attention.

Those found violating the regulations will be brought to book.

The Powerful Katrinka Knew It Would Break Old Man Henry's Heart If He Couldn't Play His Bass Drum in the Parade.

By FONTAINE FOX.



ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.
Refused to Kiss Him.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Some time ago, while attending a week-end party, I met a young man, twenty-six years, and during the few days we became very good friends. I judged him to be a young man of very fine character. He called on me shortly after and we spent a very pleasant evening. However, when he asked me to kiss him good-night, I refused rather strenuously, and he left very angry. It is now quite a long time since that evening, and although he has called me up a number of times, he never asks to see me.

I think a great deal of this young man, and would like to gain his friendship. I am not the butterfly type of girl and only have a few friends who I think are worth while. PUZZLED.

Now that you and your acquaintance understand each other on the subject of kissing, I see no reason why you should not take the initiative, if you wish to see him again. If you are living with your parents, invite him to dinner at your home, or ask him to come some evening with a group of other young people.

Reluctant to Give Him Up.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

A young man of another nationality has been calling on me for the last five months, but lately he does not seem to care for me. I love him, and he seemed to like me. One day I met him on the street and he told me that he would ring me up, but I have not heard or seen anything of him. Kindly advise me whether I should keep on following him up or give him up entirely. I have put the question of marriage up to him several times, but he always told me to forget it. A. B. C.

Nothing is to be gained by "following up" a young man who has shown plainly that he wishes to forget an acquaintance. It is unfortunate that you believe yourself in love with him, but try to forget this in the society of other young people.

Puss in Boots, Jr.

TRAVELING in a strange country like New Mother Goose Land was not an easy thing, and Puss Junior had need of a brave heart to keep him going. Everything was so different from Mother Goose Land, although he always expected to find the old familiar friends and nursery melodies.

Well, after he said good-by to the fisherman at the crossroads, as I told you in the last story, Puss kept bravely on, and by and by he came to a little wooden house under a clump of trees. And then, do you know, that same little bird who is always singing these New Mother Goose Melodies began to twitter and the words of his song were these:

Little Tommy Tittle Mouse Lives in a funny house. In the corner of the floor He has a round hole for a door.

So Puss pushed open the door of the little wooden house and pecked in. At the other end of the room, for the front door didn't open into a hall, you know, Puss could dimly see a little mouse sitting up on his hind legs.

"Hello, Mr. Tittle Mouse," said Puss Junior, for he didn't mean to try to catch the mouse and so he didn't care whether Mr. Tittle Mouse was so frightened that he jumped into his hole in the corner of the room and told Mrs. Tittle Mouse he had seen a giant robber with boots and plume and, well, every thing else that a bold robber might wear.

And this made the lady mouse very curious, so she peeked out of the hole.

"I won't hurt you," laughed Puss, who had sat down on a chair to rest his tired legs. "I'm a traveler and am seeking my famous father, Puss in Boots. So cheer up, my little mice, for Puss Junior never harms anyone except in self-defense."

"Maybe we can help direct you to your father's house," suggested Mrs. Tittle Mouse in a high, squeaky voice. "I lived at the Castle of my Lord of Carabas before I married Mr. Tittle Mouse, and a grand place it was, and a grand cat was your father, the illustrious Puss in Boots, Seneschal to my Lord and Lady Carabas!" After this long speech

the little mouse coughed and smiled at Puss, who bowed politely. "It is a difficult road from here," continued Mrs. Mouse, "for New Mother Goose Land, while it has all the up-to-date methods, does not offer to us animals the loving care which we received from dear Old Mother Goose." As she finished speaking, a loud knocking was heard at the door, but who was knocking I cannot tell you in this story, for I have no more room, so please wait until tomorrow. (Copyright 1919, David Cory.) (To Be Continued.)

Not Unusual.

Telephone girls have other interests besides answering calls, and one afternoon two of them, in different exchanges, had a chat over the wires. Their talk was on the all-important subject—dresses. Both were going to a birthday party on the following Saturday afternoon, and the discussion on what they should wear on that occasion waxed interesting. Ten minutes passed and the topic was still far from exhausted. But an insistent masculine voice at last compelled one of them to turn her thoughts to other things.

"Are you there?" the voice yelled. "Are you there? Hello! Ah, at last! Who is that speaking? Who are?"

"What line do you think you are on?" demanded the annoyed "hello" girl indignantly. "I don't know," came the weak and weary reply, "but, judging from all I've just heard, I think I must have got on the clothes line."

Unendurable.

A passenger was making his first trip across the Atlantic, and the first day out he was in the thrice of mal de mer when the ship surgeon visited him in his stateroom. "What's the matter?" was the latter's curious query. "O-o-o-o!" was the only response, as the passenger rolled over in agony. "Come, get up and weary reply," but, judging from all I've just heard, I think I must have got on the clothes line."

Man With X-Ray Eyes

THE STRANGEST STORY YOU EVER READ.
The Comte and His Confederates Read News of Theft of Maharajah's Jewels

By GUY DE TERAMOND.
Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Lucien Delorme, a brilliant but even the cabby who drove him to Mme. Armelina's family boarding house in Paris points out to him, presents letters of introduction to that cautious landlady and registers. At dinner, he makes the acquaintance of his fellow boarders. These are Mrs. Tankery, a rich American widow, whose room adjoins that of Delorme, and a Guatemalan general, Domingo F. Lopez, a man of mystery.

Mrs. Tankery, about sixty, carries about with her a fortune in jewels. Delorme attracts attention by reason of large dark-lensed glasses he wears. The opinion prevails that his eyes are weak and that he has come to Paris to consult an eminent eye specialist.

Mrs. Tankery, a fortune hunter, Delorme's arrival, is found dead in her room—murdered. After an investigation by the Commissioner of Police, Delorme is suspected of the crime. Later Delorme is released by police. He announces his determination of leaving the "Family House."

Early in the morning Delorme formulated a very circumstantial theory of the crime, and the concatenation of events, as marshaled in his brain, seemed to point to the young provincial as the perpetrator.

The baron meets Delorme and reveals details of transaction he intends to carry out.

Meanwhile, the fame of the rare jewels of the Comte d'Abasol-Viscosca excites considerable comment through out Paris, and a clever organization of thieves, the "Bureau des Vols," is formed. They leave an adjoining apartment.

Delorme comes to see the jewels, which have been offered as security for the loan, and to the surprise of the comte and his associates, announces to them that the safe supposed to contain them is empty. From this time on, he has never been shown the inside of the safe. The "B" band decide to force an entrance to the safe, accomplishing their purpose, they find the vault empty of jewels.

Delorme is seized while at the comte's apartment and left to die in the jail. He is later found, his clothing is piled on the quilt Javel.

"No," replied the Hindoo, "I don't think so. If there was any such intention they wouldn't be so polite, you may be sure. The telegraph would already have been set to work, and the police officers of Cabourg would be ringing at the door of the villa."

But his companion drew himself up to his full height.

"My dear friend, people don't lay hands on the representative of the Maharajah of Pandukurrah so unceremoniously! Think of the diplomatic impropriety that would be created if, by chance, there should be a mistake! Only he can be questioned—stolen jewels—state the value of the robbery—that could be more natural! And when Clémart once has us in his clutches he won't let us go, again so easily. Do you want my opinion, Nam?"

"Speak out."

"Let us take advantage of being still at liberty—Have isn't far off; let us go on board a steamer on the pretext of a little pleasure voyage—prudently put the frontier between us and our enemies—we will watch from a distance to see what will happen, and we shall thus have plenty of time to consider the matter."

Nam shrugged his shoulders. "Absurd and dangerous! That would be the one way to give birth to suspicions against us which, perhaps, do not exist, and to attract attention uselessly to certain points which we have every interest in seeing remain in the shade."

"Well, then?"

"We must hold on to the game. Are we called to Paris? Let us go there. Do they demand the accurate list of the stolen jewels? Let us furnish it. Are we asked our conjectures concerning the authors of the burglary? Let us give them. The more false trails there are, the less easy it will be to discover the real one!"

"Yes," muttered the comte, without being really convinced. "But then everything must happen as you say. And nothing is less certain than that. For it is no use for me to ponder, what I cannot understand is how, after shutting a man in a safe, jewels are taken out of it! It's no longer a burglary, it's a sleight of hand trick!"

"We shall see."

But at that moment, the sound of a hoarse trumpet rose from the shore, and a panting voice cried:

"Ask—news from Paris—the papers have just come—the last dispatches!"

"A minute," said Nam.

He set off on a run and, the next instant, returned with a paper which he handed to the comte.

The latter glanced swiftly over the columns with a practiced eye, and suddenly uttered a low exclamation.

"Here it is!"

And he began to read aloud:

NEW SENSATIONAL EXPLOITS OF THE WALL-CUTTERS.

"Tonight a burglary was committed which, through the boldness with which the criminals operated, the value of the stolen jewels, and, lastly, the personality of the loser, has undoubtedly caused a profound public sensation."

"We will give rapidly the first details telephoned to us by the reporter who was sent immediately to the scene."

"It was about 12:30 o'clock. The janitor of No. 6, Rue Vézelay . . ."

"No. 4," interrupted Nam, who was listening intently.

"No," said the comte, "it really was No. 6. Wait, perhaps there is a reason. I'll go on: The janitor of No. 6, Rue Vézelay, who had gone to the Faubourg Saint-Germain, leaving, as usual, the care of the house to his wife, was returning when, passing the ground floor, he noticed that the door was open. The fact surprised him, because the tenant, a stranger who had moved in a short time before, was a man of regular habits who never had evening callers. On the other hand, his two servants, who slept in the apartment, always came in before ten o'clock. So it was extraordinary that this door should not be closed. Seized by a sudden present-

ment, he hastened into his room to get his revolver. Here another surprise awaited him. His wife, sunk back in a chair, was so sound asleep that, in spite of every effort, he could not rouse her. On the table three glasses and a bottle of champagne, still half full, showed that the unfortunate woman must have been put to sleep with the aid of a narcotic by the criminal with whom she had been drinking."

"Then, taking counsel only with his courage, the janitor, holding his weapon in his hand, entered the ground-floor apartment and, turning on the electric lights, set to work to go through all the rooms. At first nothing seemed unusual, except that the place was deserted. There was no disorder, nothing was disturbed. He called, no one answered."

"But when he reached the last room, that is, the one adjoining the next house, he saw with amazement that a large hole had been cut in the wall."

"He went up to it, and his bewilderment increased when he discovered that the opening led to a huge safe, which had been broken open by means of implements lying abandoned on the floor."

"He instantly remembered that in No. 4, that is, the next house, the ground floor was occupied by Comte d'Abasol-Viscosca, ex-ambassador to Cacho, and all everybody knew, the representative in Paris of the Maharajah of . . ."

"Go on," interrupted Nam impatiently, "and get at the heart of the fact; I know all your titles—"

The comte ran his eye rapidly over a few lines, then he went on aloud:

"Then the janitor understood the whole affair. His tenant, as well as the cook and valet, were nothing but skilled wall-cutters. Knowing that the Maharajah's jewels were shut up in Comte d'Abasol-Viscosca's safe, he had hired the adjoining ground-floor apartment, then profited by the comte's departure for Cabourg, where he had come to make, according to their usual proceedings, a hole that led directly to the gems."

"But, as all the windows were grated, and the disappearance of the bars might have, perhaps, been noticed, they gave a sleeping potion to the janitress, who had drunk without distrust with the servants whom she knew and who, having accomplished their object, could pull the bell of the box themselves and vanish in the darkness. If they had not forgotten to shut the door of their apartment many days would doubtless have passed before the robbery was discovered."

"He instantly ran to the janitor of No. 4 and informed him of the facts. The latter had the keys of his tenant's apartment. Calling a policeman, all three entered. The comte's safe in his private office, standing against the partition wall of the two houses, a fact undoubtedly known by the criminal and as which they had built their plan . . ."

"It seemed intact outwardly, and nothing revealed that the back had been removed and the contents seized by the thieves."

"We will give, in another edition, new details concerning this remarkable robbery which, undoubtedly, amounts to several tens of millions, the exact amount cannot be ascertained until the return of Comte d'Abasol-Viscosca, who has been informed by the chief of the detective bureau."

"The best detectives in the police force have been dispatched in pursuit of the criminals, who must be the tenants of the ground floor of No. 6, Rue Vézelay, whose janitor has given an accurate description of them."

The comte stopped. Large drops of perspiration were trickling down his forehead. Crushing the paper with a nervous gesture, he looked at his companion and, shaking his head, asked:

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